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EAST AND WEST.

The support New York is receiving in the Democratic National Committee as the meeting place of the next National Convention is not sectional. The far West and the extreme South contribute to it. But Mr. Dahlgren, the member from Nebraska, imports the sectional issue into the question by saying:

"New York City is too far east for the convention. I will favor some city further west."

Even if the actual attendants at the convention were the only persons to be considered, this would be an illogical position to take. Of the seven Democratic conventions held within the past thirty years not one has met among the eastern half of the population of the United States, although that half of the population furnished a majority of the electoral votes that elected the first Democratic President since the war. Is there any reason why a certain number of Americans living west of an imaginary line should have all the favors of the Democracy, and an equal number living east of that line should have none?

But there is a still more important point to consider. Twenty thousand people, at the outside, can see a national convention with their own eyes. Eighty millions will hear of it through the newspapers. And every newspaper, West as well as East, can have a better report of a convention in New York than of one in any Western city. When it is midnight at New York it is eleven at Chicago, ten at Denver and nine at San Francisco. The night sessions of a New York convention could be fully and comfortably reported in the early editions of the Western morning papers, and the day sessions could be well covered by the evening papers. A convention held in the West would crowd even the Western papers for time, and its full proceedings could not get into the early editions of the Eastern papers at all. Every newspaper in the country, or in the world for that matter, could handle a convention in New York better than one in Chicago.

New York would have equal advantages for the millions of people who haunt the bulletin boards while a convention is in session. The news of a nomination made in New York at midnight would be flashed on the screens in Chicago in time to be read by the crowds on their way home from the theatres. A midnight nomination in Chicago would find most of the people even of that city in bed, and the announcement would not reach New York until after 1 o'clock in the morning.

The convenience of eighty million people ought to count for more than that of the few thousand who will actually visit the convention hall. But as a matter of fact there is no conflict even here. New York is central to quite as many people travelling by rail as Chicago or any other Western city, and two-thirds of the population of the United States live within a twenty-four hour's run of Madison Square Garden.

THE BLACK SIDE OF CHRISTMAS.

That Cleveland mechanic who killed his wife, his three children and himself in a fit of despondency supposed to have been caused by the gloomy outlook for the family Christmas reminds us that this happy season has a very dark side. Just in proportion as joy pervades the family to which Santa Claus is a generous friend does misery haunt the one in which the eager questions of the children must be met with hopeless evasions. There is no more pitiful sight than a child fingering an empty stocking on Christmas morning, and no form of wretchedness more cutting than that of the father or mother who must look forward to such an awakening. Many a poor family would be able to bear its troubles through the year with fortitude if it were not for the thought of Christmas. All the more reason why those more fortunate should give their "good will to men" a practical form.

Disappearing Dangers.—The new Lackawanna improvements in Newark and the Oranges will abolish the fatal grade crossings except for a space of ten blocks. Gradually this country is becoming habitable, and a person who succeeds in living until it is finished will have a good chance of living still longer.

BIG SHIPS AND LITTLE DOCKS.

The question of lengthening the docks in the North River to 1,000 feet is not settled by Secretary Root's refusal to permit the extension. The matter is too important to rest with a single decision. Room must be found somewhere in this harbor for the greatest ships to be built anywhere. Certainly the steamship lines will not be permitted to take their business elsewhere, as some of their agents are threatening. There is some talk of building docks at an angle, so that 1,000-foot piers can be kept within the 800-foot line, but this plan would involve so much waste of shore space that it is hardly likely to be adopted. But the ships will be accommodated somehow, for a port that can take care only of second-class vessels is a second-class port, and New York will never consent to be anything but first class.

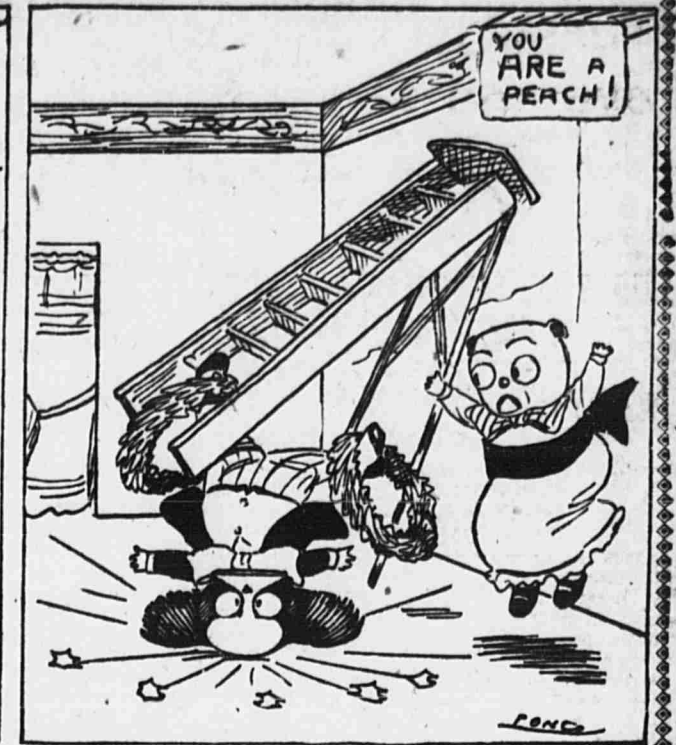
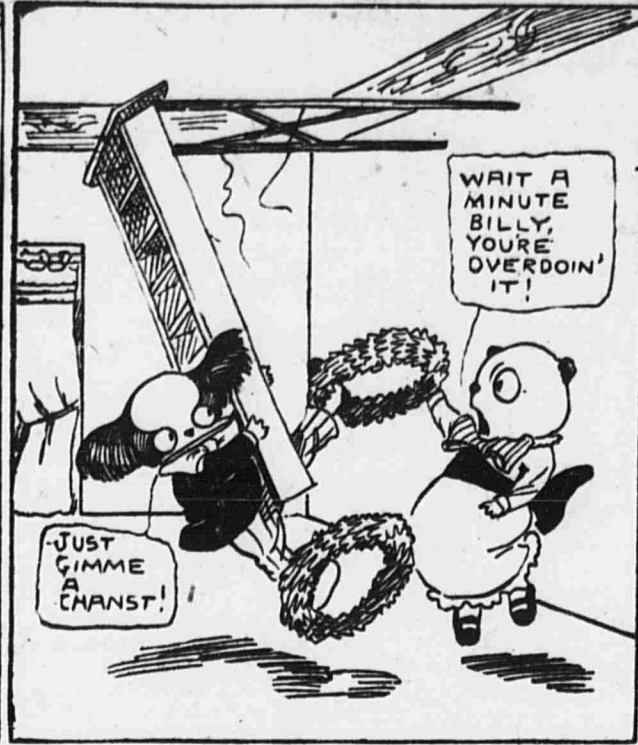
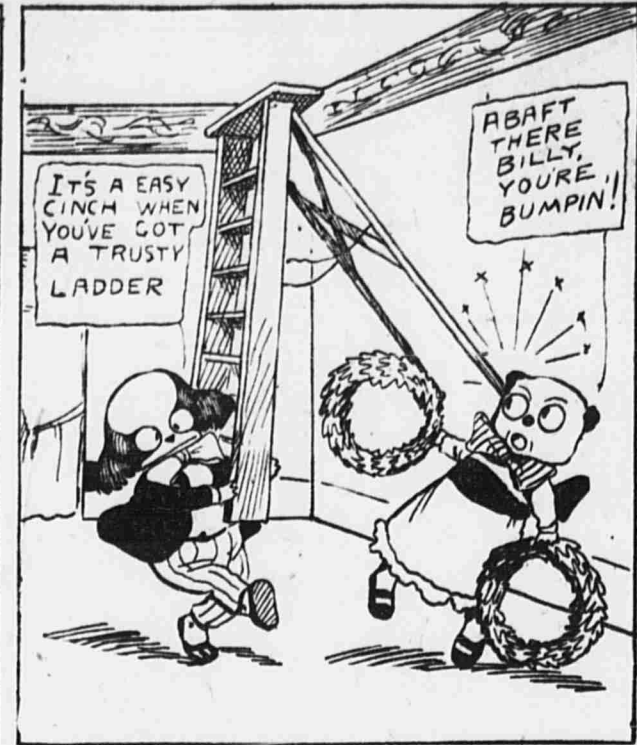
Kindness to Faithful Servants.—Senator Platt has pensioned an express horse that has passed his usefulness. Now will not President Roosevelt and Gov. Odell take the hint and establish a pension system for superannuated political warhorses?

THE MILD MINNESOTA WOLF.

What sort of wolves do they breed in Minnesota? Five of these ferocious beasts chased a drummer and his driver the other day, and when the horses were becoming exhausted the driver handed out refreshments to the pursuers from his lunch basket. The wolves stopped to squabble over each instalment of the lunch, and by the time the basket was empty the travellers were safe.

In Russia nothing less than a baby will check a pack of wolves, and it takes a considerable family, served out at a time, to allow the parents a fair chance to escape. Wolves can be baited by crumbs from a lunch basket, may do for Minnesota, but their most appropriate use in usefulness would seem to be as companions in the same stage in the Kaiser's game preserves.

Billy Bowwow and Polly Pugdoodle.



Essentials for a Happy Marriage.

By Helen Oldfield.

If all men and women who marry did so for genuine, permanent love, the vexed question, is marriage a failure might be definitely settled once and for all in the negative.

For genuine, permanent love between man and woman is the one bit of Eden which was left to the race when the gates of paradise closed behind our first parents, shutting them out forever; the one flower, says tradition, flung to Eve by a pitying angel who saw and was moved by her bitter tears.

Given that, and come what may, neither man nor woman can be miserable so long as they have each other.

Unfortunately such marriages are the exception rather than the rule. People who find and marry their affinities are not many, and those few are blessed among men and women. Genuine, permanent love, which merges itself in another's identity, so that the two thereafter form a perfect and harmonious whole, and each fiber in the being of each sets to the other, so that there can be no contest of will, no difference of opinion, is as rare as radium, rarer, perhaps, since there is no way of securing it to order, says Helen Oldfield in the Chicago Tribune.

In the vast majority of marriages there is more or less readjustment necessary, the transition from the romantic love of courtship to the sober, everyday affection of conjugal life.

Next to the married people who are lovers, they are happiest who are thoroughly good friends. The greater includes the less, so that genuine love is always friendship. Just as friendship often ripens into love, so also, while passionate love rarely cools off into friendship, the true husband or wife is always the other's truest and best friend. True friendship makes a quietly happy marriage, because friends make each other's interests their own.

Where friendship and love unite, each strengthening and sustaining the other, there is the ideal marriage as the Creator instituted it when he made the first woman as a helpmeet for the first man, not the modern partnership where the husband provides the income and the wife spends it.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

The Genial Janitor.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
The janitor's face now wears no frown. It beams and smiles just now;
He doesn't call the tenants down,
Nor nanker for a row.

I would that it were always so—
It's not to be, I fear;
His condescending manners show
That Christmas Day is near.

C. E. FARR.

Suggests an Extra Holiday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
The business done on Saturday, Dec. 26, will be very slight. May I suggest to employers to close their stores on that day and give us employees a day's rest after our Christmas rush? REDWIK.

Composed by Gounod, a Frenchman
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A says that "Faust" is a French opera. B says that "Faust" is a French opera. Which is right? L. P. M.

Boxing is an Art. Pugilism is a Profession.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
"A" says pugilism is an art. "B" says it is a profession. Kindly decide. D. M.

Columbus.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Who discovered America? A says Columbus and B says Americus Vesputius. E. W. T.

Saturday, Friday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
On what day did March 24, 1888 fall on? Also Dec. 14 of the same year? MARY.

Third Finger of Left Hand.

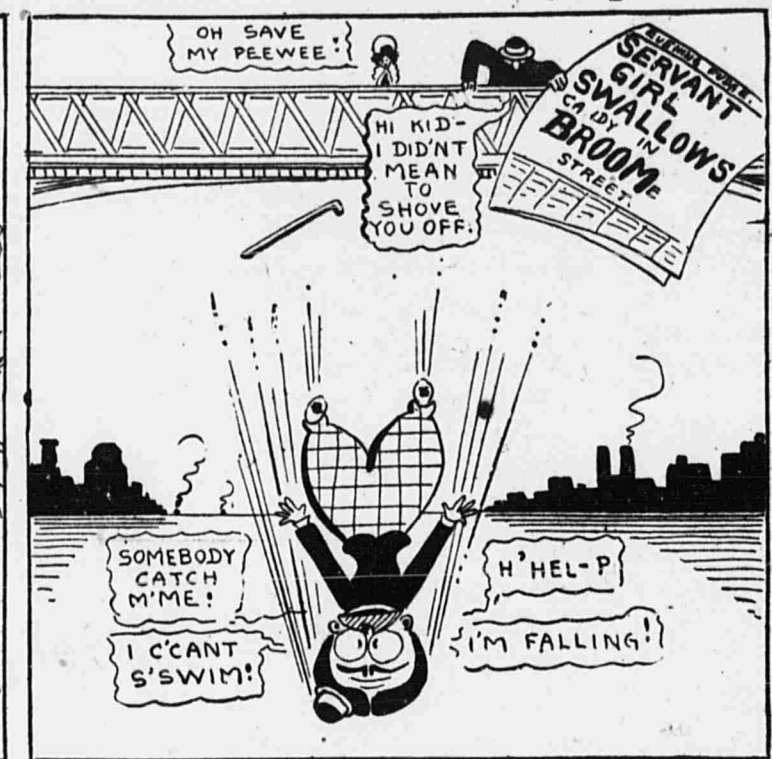
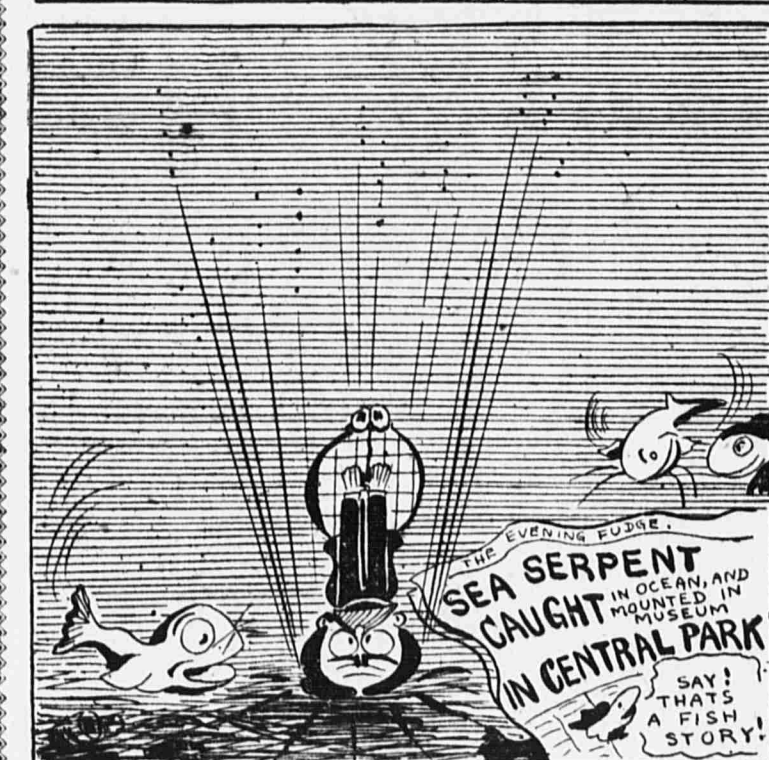
To the Editor of The Evening World:
On which hand and finger is an engagement ring worn? JOHN S.

"Miss Brown" Is Correct.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
"A" claims a young lady's visiting card, she being the only daughter single, but having an older sister married, should read as follows: "Miss Charlotte Brown." "B" claims "Miss Brown," without the christian name is correct. Kindly decide. E. J. P.

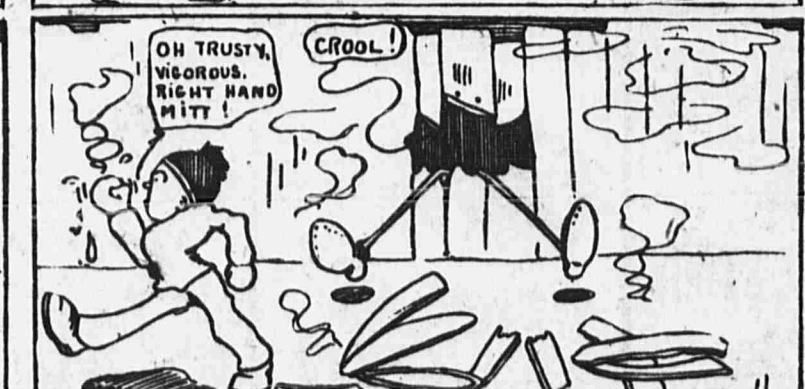
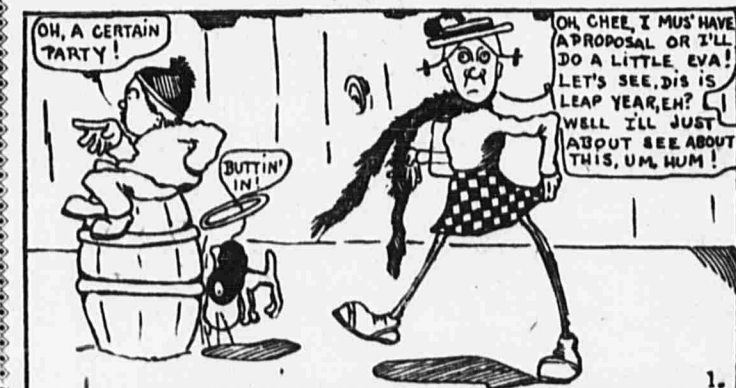
The Important Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

His Bluff is Called and He Involuntarily Butts Into the White Light of Fame.



NOVEL READING NEBBIE M'GEE.

She Takes the Marriage Question Into Her Own Hands and—



NOT "BRACING."

"Hello!" said Burroughs, meeting Markley on the street one cold morning. "this is good bracing weather."

NATURE'S BREAK.

"Nature has made some queer mistakes," remarked the wise old owl. "As, for instance," inquired his mate. "Well, she should have given me the swallows' plumage. It looks so much more like the conventional evening dress than mine does."—Philadelphia Ledger.

WOMAN'S WAY.

"Wait a second," she said, as she stepped into the store. "Certainly," he replied, and when he had been up town, looked through his mail, spent two hours on 'change and taken luncheon at the club, he returned and found her just emerging from the door.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

THE CRUCIAL TEST.

A man and a woman who stammered in a awful manner of language stammered. And they vowed that each might as well be dumb if he couldn't say Chrysanthemum.—Chicago Tribune.

The Man Higher Up

Unsleuth-Like Detective Proceedings.

"SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that our friend McCafferty, the sleuth, did a hurry-up job in copping the Svensen able seaman who made a complete, if inartistic, dissecting job of a Cherry Hill charmer."

"It's too bad about McCafferty," said the Man Higher Up. "I understand he is to be ruled off. It was cheesy enough in him to go out and pinch the murderer within forty-eight hours after the crime was committed, but he has done more than that. He has kicked in the slats of every detective theory that was ever put into cold storage. He has put his profession on the Fritz. They tell me that when he went into the Central Office to report last night the other gumshoe men couldn't see him at all."

"What did McCafferty do? What didn't he do? He balled up the whole mystery, that's what he did. He didn't spring a single theory; he didn't keep the public in suspense; he didn't pinch a lot of suspects and give them the third degree. He simply had an idea about where the murderer could be found, followed up the idea and sloughed the guy. Any newspaper reporter could have done the same thing. McCafferty didn't even try to stall off the reporters."

"In the first place, the murderer left behind a piece of paper with the name of a ship written on it. What McCafferty should have done was figure out that the name was not the name of a ship at all, but the name of a horse. He should have framed up a theory that the woman had a bank roll and that she was killed by a man who knew it and wanted a stake to play the races with. This would have given him a chance to go to New Orleans and look for the murderer."

"After carving up the woman the carver shed his bloody garments and shoes, put on a new sweater and a new pair of kicks and left the paper they had been wrapped in lying on the floor of the room. The paper showed that he bought the new stuff in Bridgeport."

"This was McCafferty's clue to go to the pawnshops and look for the bloody clothes and the old pair of shoes. One of the first things a detective does when he is put on any case from arson to dog-stealing is to search the pawnshops. I don't remember another murder mystery in the course of the unravelling of which the pawnshops of the town were not frisked to a fare-you-well."

"But McCafferty didn't go near a pawnshop. He looked in the shipping register and found out that a ship of the same name as that written on the paper the murderer left behind had put into Bridgeport. Instead of hiring a tug and going out to sea to hunt for the footprints of the ship he went to Bridgeport, and there she was."

"Then he violated another tradition of the detective business. He didn't shadow the captain of the ship. Instead he went aboard, told who he was and asked if there had been a sailor on board who looked like the man who killed the woman. The captain said there had been and that he lived at a certain boarding-house in New York. McCafferty telephoned to McClusky and McClusky sent a man around to the boarding-house, and there they nailed the murderer. It was disgusting."

"But he got the murderer," protested the Cigar Store Man.

"Yes," admitted the Man Higher Up, "but his work was coarse."

Flood Creates a Nation.

Owing to a disagreement between Austria and Servia the folk who have taken up their residence on a certain little island in the Danube pay no taxes and acknowledge allegiance to nobody.

The island, which has been very appropriately called Nobody's Island, was formed four years ago by the accumulation of mud and sand carried down by the great river during a flood. Since then Austria and Servia have been quarrelling about its possession.

At low water the island is almost connected with the Servian shore by a narrow tongue of sand, while at high water it lies nearer the Austrian island of Ostrova.

Consequently no one can decide to whom it really belongs; and, as the island is not worth enough to make it advisable for the Servian or the Austrian Government to fight over its possession, the inhabitants are left entirely to themselves.—Stray Stories.

A Burial Fad.

James Reilly, one of New York's little known millionaires, has a curious fad—that of providing for the decent burial of indigent dead. He is in constant communication with a number of undertakers, who keep him posted regarding such cases as he wishes to look after. Another rich New Yorker, Samuel Martin, spends a good deal of time and money in helping important victims of the police force. He is always camping on some officer's trail, and many a victim of police tyranny has had reason to thank Samuel Martin for timely aid.